

## A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

It Had a Clear Track and a Cool-Headed Engineer.

"The approach of Thanksgiving always sets me thinking about the time, several years back, that I spent rail-riding it up in the New England hills," said an official one stormy day last week, who sat gazing gloomily out of his office window, just before closing his desk for the day.

"I lived then in a small Massachusetts city and managed a road where every employe, from the section men up, was personally known to me, and rail-riding was more of a pleasure than it is here where the roads are so vast and long that one hardly knows the members of his own office staff. My office windows, I remember, looked directly upon the principal business street of the place and the entrance to the Union depot, the street crossing the tracks at right angles not twenty feet from the great arched station entrance. Every hour or two New York and Boston express trains were arriving and departing, and it was always an interesting sight the day before Thanksgiving, when every train was running in two or three sections, and each one drawn by two locomotives, loaded down with passengers anxious to get to the old farm in time for the Thanksgiving dinner.

"One snowy, blustering day I sat waiting to see the 11:25 train pull in from Boston, for somehow I kind of smelt danger, as a railroad man often does. I knew the train was a heavy one, the rails slippery and that before it struck the crossing it came down a heavy grade four miles long. Out at the other end of the depot was a great long bridge carrying the train off to the west, and also the tracks branching south to New York. On both these tracks stood huge locomotives blowing off steam and seemingly in haste to couple on to the coming train, which was destined for both the south and west, and hurry it off to its destination. Well, to make a long story short, that train got the best of the engineer that day, owing to some defect in the air brakes, and there was one of the most hair-raising train runaways I guess I will ever witness. A mile up the grade I heard old Seth Mayoor, the engineer, making old 104 whistle for brakes in a way that made me turn cold. Almost at the same time the train came tearing down over the street crossing and into the depot going sixty miles an hour and I remember to this day and always will how cool Mayoor looked as he dashed by blowing his whistle for dear life as a warning to give him a clear track.

"That they would even get those engines at the other end of the station out of the way I thought was an impossibility, but they did. There were cool men about that place that day, and No. 104's great Crawford whistle had given the warning. The switches were hastily set straight on to the bridge and away dashed the waiting engine in a race to get out of the way of the runaway train. It was a close shave and it unnerved me for a week, but luck saved the day. That runaway ran four miles before it stopped, and the engineer with the light engine tearing along ahead of it was beginning to wonder if the tracks were clear way out to Buffalo, when the brakes worked and the runaway was brought to a stop. For years I have been wondering how that train ever dashed down that grade and through the crowded depot, following the switches in and out, without a most frightful smashup.

"Old Seth Mayoor, when he stepped down from the cab after backing back, regarded it as a huge joke, but it scared everybody else within a mile of the station out of a week's growth."—Chicago Chronicle.

## Eugene Field's Double.

In the days when Eugene Field lived in St. Joseph, Mo., T. F. Indermille, of this city, also lived there, and the two very much resembled each other and dressed much alike, though they had never met. One day, after both had been there more than a year, and had been frequently mistaken for each other, they met in a public place. Mr. Indermille says he was somewhat astonished to see himself coming in at a door when he was really standing still. Approaching each other, Field said: "I know you. You are Indermille."

"Yes," said Indermille, "and I know you. You are Eugene Field." They had some pleasant conversation and afterward became fast friends. One day Field burst into Indermille's place of business—they had now become familiar enough to call each other by their Christian names—and said in a hurried way:

"Say, Fred, I wish you to go and sit for a photograph for me. Some friends of mine want my picture, and I am so pressed for time that I can't attend to it just now."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**The Motorman's Superstition.**  
A motorman will allow his car to run over a dog without any compunctions, but when it comes to a cat on the track it brings out what little superstition there may be in the man, and most of the motormen have a little, says a conductor. Why, I have known my motorman to run his car back half a square at night time to see if he had killed a cat. The headlight on the car seems to attract them after dark, and they will stand in front of an approaching car, with their eyes gleaming like balls of fire, they seem to make no effort to get out of the way and disappear from the motorman's view under the end of the car, leaving him in doubt as to whether he had killed them or not. I guess when they get out of the range of the headlight they realize their position and scurry out of the way.

**Where Three Emperors Meet.**  
There is in the southeastern part of the Prussian province, Silesia, a spot where the frontiers of Germany, Russia and Austria meet. This point, which is called "The Three Emperors' Corner," is in the heart of a great coal and iron region. Count Schuwalow, the new governor general of Poland, recently made a trip of inspection through the iron and industrial districts of Russian Poland, and upon this occasion made a visit to this historical spot, where once the three emperors of Russia, Germany and Austria met and spoke to each other, while each stood in his own country. The party was heartily welcomed by a large number of German mine workers, who happened to see the cavalcade and the array of carriages on the other side. After a short stay the governor continued

upon his trip, but not before having called over to a German engineer, who had taken a snap shot of the brilliant company across the brook, to send him a copy of a picture made in Germany, taking in a Russian governor and his staff, with an Austrian landscape as the background.

## STILL BEARS FRUIT.

Connecticut Pear Tree Two Hundred Years Old.

There is an old landmark in the town of Clinton, Conn., that has attracted much attention and interest during the past year, in spite of the fact that it is in a state of comparative ruin. The ordinary observer might not mind it, and it is only as its ancient story is told that it becomes an object of public interest. Old residents of the town have not in years past paid much attention to it. But the summer visitors have found it out, and the remaining years of its career are likely to be interesting ones.

The old landmark that is now awakening inquiry is a pear tree 250 years of age. It is on a tract of land on Wright's liver that was originally taken up in the settlement of the town by two of three Wright brothers. The ownership of the southern portion of this tract, on which the ancient pear tree stands, passed long ago from the original proprietors. There is an interesting inscription cut on the face of a boulder that looks toward Long Island sound from this tract, proclaiming that one of the Wrights was buried at that spot. The pear tree is on property formerly owned by Pierce Jones, who has recently died at the age of 90 years. He moved to the place sixty-three years ago. At that time the tree was reported to be 200 years old.

Lawyer Wright, of Westbrook, which adjoins Clinton, was a descendant of one of the original brothers, and a good deal of an antiquarian. He died six or eight years ago. During his life he was accustomed to aver that the tree was as old as it was claimed to be. It still bears fruit, but not of a savory taste. It is probably the oldest fruit tree in Connecticut, if not in New England.—New York Times.

## Tonsorial Dead Row.

Each barber shop has what is known as the "dead row" of shaving cups. It is generally the top row, and if the cups could only talk some interesting family histories would be made public. A regular patron of a barber shop usually carries his own cup, and it is always ready for him. He may go away and not enter the shop for years, but the cup is there awaiting him. The proprietor does not dare sell it or give it away, for there is no telling when the owner will walk in. If the proprietor learns that a customer is dead, he generally asks the relative if they wish to keep the cup. But until he has positive proof of the death the cup remains on the shelf, a reminder of the patron of former days. Barber cups sometimes figure in tragedies. Not many years ago a prominent citizen became a criminal and was badly wanted here and his barber knew it. The detective made the barber promise if the cup was ever sent for to let them know. One day a small boy with an order called for it. The barber detained him while a detective was sent for and the boy was followed. He was followed to the residence of a cousin of the prominent citizen and the latter was found hiding there. He declared that he had never been out of the city, but this story did not go with the detectives. They found that their man had been out West, but had got in such straitened circumstances that he had ventured to return. His penchant for his shaving cup betrayed him, however.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## Unexpected Attention.

A young man who was walking along Dearborn street the other day stopped in front of an engine house and looked in.

"Have many fires in this town?" he inquired of one of the firemen standing in the door.

"We have 'em pretty often," replied the other.

"Do you have to go to all of them?"

"No. Not unless they're in our district or unless there's a general alarm."

"Ever try to see how quick you can hitch up?"

"O, yes."

"How quick can you do it?"

At that instant there came an alarm. At the first stroke of the gong the men ran to their posts, the doors of the stalls opened, the horses ran out and were quickly hitched to the hose cart, and within a few seconds men, horses and cart were out of the door and speeding down the street.

The interested young man watched the performance with undisguised admiration.

"By gum!" he exclaimed, "That's Chicago all over. There ain't another town in the United States where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they can do!"—Chicago Tribune.

## A Snake Farmer's Fate.

H. E. Hathaway, a Texas snake farmer, died recently at Beaver Dam, Wis., as a result of being bitten by a diamond rattler while he was giving an exhibition at the Dodge County fair. Hathaway cut open the wound, letting it bleed freely, and apprehended no serious consequences. The wound, however, began to swell and in a short time the man died in intense agony. Mr. Hathaway was one of the early settlers of Merrill, Wis., and being obliged to go to Texas for the benefit of his wife's health, he was induced to go into the business of raising snakes by calls made on him for reptiles by showmen and scientists. He had been in the business about five years and had a farm of several hundred acres in Texas devoted to breeding and raising snakes.

## Advised the Star.

Corbett has a new play, as we predicted he would have, and all those newspapers which gave columns of space to the prize-fight that never came off should hasten to send in their bills as press agents in advance of the new dramatic venture.—New York Mail and Express.

## Cause and Effect.

There is a good story told of a Hertfordshire farmer. He went home late one night and drank a pint of yeast in mistake for buttermilk. He rose three hours earlier next morning.—Cardiff Mail.

One who never drinks behind the bar—the mosquitoes.

## PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAINEERS

They Are What Might Be Called Conscientious Moonshiners.

Moonshining is secretly carried on all over the mountains. It is the earnest conviction of those people that they have a divine if not a lawful right to convert the product of their farms into liquor, which they can readily dispose of at a better price than they can the raw products. They still hold to the principle for which all western Pennsylvania rose in arms over a century ago, but they are no more ancient in this connection than they are in all their modes of life.

Within the mountain cabin everything is as primitive as without and round about. Most of these are one-story, with a loft above, and contain but two small apartments. Built against the log building is the massive stone chimney, and the chink holes between the notched logs of which the cabin is built are filled with mud. All the furnishings are rude and mostly home-made, and the few utensils are of the most antiquated pattern. The door is low, and the windows small and few. Some cabins have stairs to the loft, some a ladder, and some only pegs. In the loft the wife has her weaving loom, spinning wheel and reel, and here she keeps her flax and wool. It is here that the material for clothing is spun and woven. Pine knots and tallow candles furnish the light, but when night comes the family generally goes to bed. Bedsteads are generally made by the head of the family, but sometimes we find a flaky painted specimen, which has descended from sire to son. Cradles are hewn from logs and the rounded surface serves as rockers.

If schoolhouses are the heralds of civilization, then the mountain region is like the country of the Gauls before the coming of Caesar. Way down toward the foot of the range we may see a little battered and faded building, but few, indeed, are the children of the mountain region who enjoy its benefits. We scarcely ever meet a man or woman who is able to read and write intelligently, and a daily paper is an entire stranger to the mountain cabin.

Only the weekly papers reach it, and these not for a month after they are issued. The mountaineer has no occasion to go to the village at the foot of the range oftener than once a month. Many of the gray-headed seers have never seen a railroad, and plenty of the strapping youths have never been a dozen miles from home. This is one place, at least, where the sports of our grandfathers are still in vogue, and the highest ambition of a youth or maiden of the region is to attend a log-rolling, wood-chopping, corn-husking, house or barn raising, apple cutting or stone-picking, with their accompanying nights of merriment. When the work for which the frolic is held is finished, and supper over, the room is cleared, and the old fiddler appears upon the scene, and soon the strains of such old tunes as the "Virginia Reel," "Old Dan Tucker" and the "Irish Washerwoman" fill the evening air. One by one the couples of dancers take their places, and then ensues a period of hilarity and uproar that would rival an Indian pow-wow.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## A Maker of Cripples.

James Edgerton, M. D., better known in holo circles as "Doc" or "Popay," is one of the unique impostors in the tramp army. He took his degree in medicine, but failing to get patients, he conceived the idea of doctoring tramps. He bandaged the head of one fellow who had a broken head, and proposed that he go begging, calling attention to the broken head to excite sympathy. The scheme was a success, and the doctor's share amounted to a little over \$7. This led him to extend the system. Soon he had a small army of beggars displaying splints and bandages and reaping harvests of coin. Few of his patients were honest enough to divide evenly, and to guard against their stealings he arranged a price list of the afflictions he could imitate. Here it is: Broken arm, \$2; broken leg, \$3; sprained shoulder, \$1.50; sprained wrist, 75 cents; broken ribs, \$2; sprained ankle, \$1; paralysis, \$5; blindness, \$3. Most interesting of all is the method of simulating paralysis. This is done by a hypodermic injection. The name of the drug used Edgerton will not tell. The effect is startling. The injection is usually made in one or both arms. They quickly become lifeless, and control over the muscles is lost. There is no pain. The skin loses color and becomes slightly shriveled. The nails become bluish and seemingly dead. These symptoms sometimes last 48 hours, although 36 hours is generally the limit. Edgerton claims that fake paralytics often make \$8 or \$10 in a day. No after effect is noticed from the drug.—New York World.

**First Book Printed in America.**  
The Bay Psalm Book, which was published at Cambridge, Mass., in 1640, was for many years supposed to be the very first book printed on the American continent. Of late it has been discovered (by persons who ought to have been acquainted with the facts from the beginning of the controversy) that books were printed in Mexico a long century before the Cambridge book. Fernandez "Ecclesiastical History," published at Toledo, Spain, in 1611, plainly states that the first book published in America was a copy of Antonio de Ispanola's "Devotional," printed in the City of Mexico in the year 1539.

**Cost of the Atlanta Exposition.**  
In round figures the exposition has cost the city of Atlanta \$225,000; the national government has spent \$300,000 on its building and exhibit; the State of New York, \$25,000; Pennsylvania, \$25,000; Massachusetts, \$25,000; Illinois, \$25,000; Alabama, \$25,000; Georgia, \$17,000 on their State buildings and exhibits, and various other States have spent large sums of money on their respective exhibits, so that a conservative estimate of the entire cost of the exposition would be \$5,000,000.—Constitution.

## Unusual Pains.

"Willie," said the boy's interested uncle, "I hope you take pains with your lessons in school."

"I took pains with 'em to-day, anyhow," replied the young gentleman.

"Unusual pains?"

"Yes, sir. Unusual pains. Teacher whipped me twice."

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For the year 1895 are now due and payable at my office, 259 North Clark Street. By paying your taxes to the Town Collector it is a direct benefit to you, as TWO PER CENT. of all such collections goes into the Town Treasury, to be used solely for town expenses.

**PAUL REDIESKE,**  
Collector Town of North Chicago.  
OFFICE: 259 North Clark Street.

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The State, County, Town, City, Drainage  
and South Park Taxes

For the year 1895 are now due and payable at my office, Northwest corner Monroe St. and Michigan Ave. By paying your taxes to the Town Collector it is a direct benefit to you, as TWO PER CENT. of all such collections goes into the Town Treasury, to be used solely for town expenses.

**JAMES A. HOGAN,**  
Collector Town of South Chicago.  
OFFICE: Northwest Cor. Monroe St. and Michigan Ave.

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For the year 1895 are now due and payable at my office, Haymarket Building, 161, 163 and 165 West Madison St. By paying your taxes to the Town Collector it is a direct benefit to you, as 2 PER CENT. of all such collections goes into the Town Treasury, to be used solely for town expenses.

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